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MONROE'S NEW FIRST READER

E. H. BUTLER & CO.
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MONROE'S NEW SERIES—SECOND BOOK

MONROE'S

NEW

FIRST READER

E. H. BUTLER & CO.

PHILADELPHIA

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PREFACE

THIS book is intended to follow MONROE'S NEW PRIMER, or to be used as *supplementary* to the First Reader of any series. As most of the simpler sounds of the language will have been already learned, there are comparatively few new sounds taught in this book; but new *words*, made up of sounds previously learned, are constantly introduced. These words are indicated at the beginning of each lesson, except in the "Letters," which are intended to present the correct form of letter-writing, and not solely to afford additional materials for a reading-lesson.

Method of Teaching.

The book can be taught either by the word or the phonic method; but the latter will give the best results; for, while the word method calls out only one faculty—memory—the phonic method compels the child to observe, compare, analyze, and finally to create for himself. By the former plan, the teacher builds the block house for the child, making him helpless and dependent; by the latter, the little one takes the blocks and builds for himself. Though the phonic method is recommended, yet there are many words in our language which must be taught "by sight," since they are not spelled as they are pronounced. *Does*, *says*, *helped* (*helpt*), etc. are of this character. Words have been occasionally introduced "by sight," which are afterwards taught by sound.

Teachers wishing to use longer lists of easy words containing the new sounds, are referred to MONROE'S FIRST STEPS IN SPELLING.

Guides to Pronunciation.

Children soon learn, unconsciously, the correct pronunciation of words, by the given combination of vowels and consonants. Thus, a child who has had a few months' careful

drill in reading would never say that *h–a–t–e* was *hat;* neither would he pronounce *k–i–t kite.* Diacritical marks have, therefore, been introduced only where the combination of letters in certain words does not make obvious the correct pronunciation.

The following diacritical marks:—*i̱* as in *pin*, *ç* as in *cent*, *ä* as in *ärm*, which are taught in MONROE'S PRIMER, are not again explained in this book. Of course it will be necessary to teach these marks to children who have not previously learned them. In words of two or more syllables, the **accent mark** is given in all cases, *except* where the accent falls on the first syllable.

In the words taught "by sound," silent letters are indicated by open-faced or outline type, by permission of Dr. Edwin Leigh, who first used this device in his "Pronouncing Orthography." But in the two lessons where *ea* and *oa* are *taught as diphthongs*, the silent letter is not indicated, as it might confuse the child.

Script.

The LESSONS IN SCRIPT have been prepared with great care, having in view four distinct ends. *First,*—to give the children a handsome style of writing, believing that they should, from the very outset, see only the best models. *Second,*—to give them a practical knowledge of the principal diacritical marks. *Third,*—to teach them how to write letters. *Fourth,*—to give them—through Frank's Letters—miniature geography lessons, interesting the pupils in a State from which come their figs, oranges, etc.

Slate Lessons. The teacher should explain, upon the board, the use of the diacritical marks for long and for short vowels, making the children see that it takes longer to say *ā* than *ă*, *ē* than *ĕ*, *o͞o* than *o͝o*, and so on. After reading the words of Slate Lessons, the children should copy them, adding the appropriate diacritical marks, thus,—*făt, fāte*, etc.

Letters. The teacher should find enough in each Letter to employ the children during two lessons. In the first, the children should tell to whom and by whom the letter was written, also when and where. After this, they should copy on their

slates every word that seems new to them. This exercise can be made quite interesting if the teacher will take pains to copy on the blackboard the words from the children's slates, and talk about them. For the next lesson, the children should copy the whole letter.

Good Reading.

Believing that the foundation of good elocution should be laid in the primary school, we have arranged most of the stories in the form of easy, sprightly conversations, that the children may, unconsciously, learn the various inflections of the voice. Nothing is more stultifying to the intelligence than the monotonous, hum-drum style of reading which we often hear in the school-room. We trust that children will find it no hardship to review this book several times, until the stories are read, not only with fluency, but with life and spirit.

Interest the Children.

If the children take turns in personifying the two characters of the dialogues, after they are familiar with the words, it will interest them, and will tend to make their reading more animated. They will enjoy the "REVIEWS" if they are encouraged to make up sentences containing the words; as,—"A robin sings,"—"Elsie ran in the garden." Let them also make up sentences from words found at the top of Lessons. They will occasionally find words not given in the story, but in connection with it, thus compelling the expression of a new thought.

By whatever method reading is taught, there should be sunshine, joy—the warmth of love—in the school-room. The tender plants of thought are easily blighted by a chilling word or look from the teacher; while a true motherliness on her part will unfold the faculties of childhood, as a sunny day in May brings forth the buds and blossoms.

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They go to the pond to feed the fishes, and to dig in the sand.

They run on the hill and hunt for moss.

Frank's mamma is sick. She will have to go away to get well.

Cora is sorry for this, for Frank will go, too.

Frank says, "If I go, I will write to you, Cora, and you must write to me."

Cora's Hat.

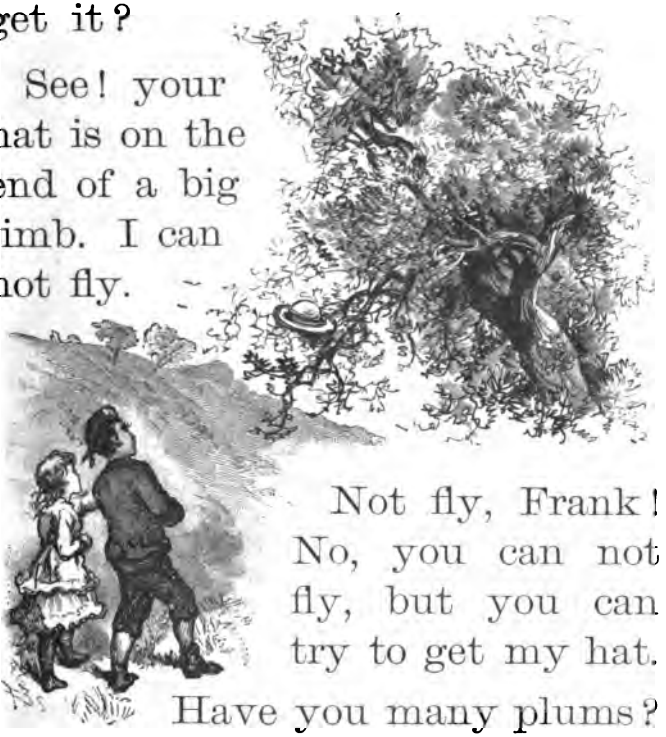
By Sound.		*By Sight.*
end	plums	many
need	limb	four

My hat is in the tree, Frank.

In the tree, Cora? Do you keep your hat in a tree?

O Frank! you know I do not.

I went up into the tree for plums, and my hat fell off. Will you get it?



See! your hat is on the end of a big limb. I can not fly.

Not fly, Frank! No, you can not fly, but you can try to get my hat.

Have you many plums?

Yes. I have ten plums, and you shall have four of them if you will get my hat.

I will get your hat if I can; but you need not give me your plums.

Hal and Tommy.

By Sound.	*By Sight.*
top	does
rest	puts
pärt	flowers

Hal lives on top of the hill. Tommy lives near Hal.

Tommy has no papa. He helps his mamma.

He picks nuts, and sells them. Hal helps him to pick the nuts.

He goes to the pond for fish. He gives his mamma part of the fish, and sells the rest.

Tommy's mamma has flowers in her garden. She puts them into moss-baskets, and Tommy sells them for her.

Tommy goes up the hill to have fun with Hal, if his mamma does not need him.

Hal's Horse.

wh.

By Sound.

whip when miss horse

why kick pats

cärs

fär

Let me try your horse, Hal—will you ?

Yes, when I get to the cars.

Are the cars very far off, Hal ?

No. They are not very far off. The cars will go at ten. Go on, horse ! Go on ! You must trot fast, or I shall miss the cars.

Teach ***wh*** as one sound. It is made by slightly contracting the lips, as in whistling. Explain that ***ar*** usually sounds as in *far*. Hereafter this sound will not be marked

Why is it so far to the cars, Hal?

I am at the cars now. They did not seem far off to me. Jump on the horse, Tommy.

May I have the whip?

O yes! you must have the whip. When the horse kicks up, whip him.

Frank's papa pats his horse when he kicks up.

Well, pat him, or whip him, as you like; but do not let him run away with you.

Jenny and Flo.

By Sight.

play care

Cora goes to see Jenny to play with dolls.

Frank does not care for dolls. Jenny and Cora love them, and play that they can eat and sleep.

Flo is Jenny's little sister. She is not so little as Elsie.

Flo likes to be with Cora and Jenny; but she cannot run so far as they run.

She can not pick plums from the big trees, or jump in the barn.

But Flo goes on the hill with Cora and Jenny to pick flowers.

Flo has two dolls. She says, "The big doll is Cora, and the little doll is Jenny."

If Flo can not get sister Jenny or Cora to play with her, she says, "Mamma, will you play with me, and be my little sister?"

And mamma says, "Yes, Flo, I will play with you."

The Birds' Nest.

By Sound

hush
next

By Sight.

mother
where
don't
kind

O papa! I see a bird's nest!

A bird's nest, Jenny? Where is it?

On that tree, papa. Don't you see it?

O yes! it is a robin's nest.

I must have a peep into the nest, papa.

Stop! Is the bird on her nest?

No, the bird is not on her nest. O Jenny! there are three little eggs!

Three eggs? Do let me see them, papa.

Yes, but—hush! The mother-bird must be near. We will be kind to her.

The dear little eggs! May I have just one?

No, no! Don't you see the mother-bird? She is on top of that next tree.

I see her. Now she is on this tree.

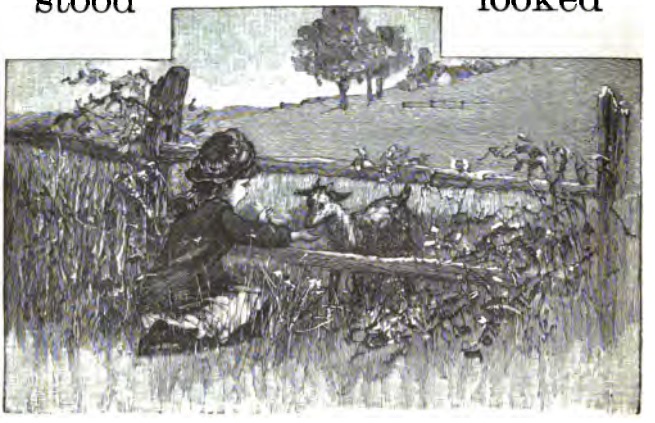
We will not let the dear mother-bird cry if we can help it. She will fly to her eggs if we go.

Birdie, dear, we will not get one of your eggs. We will go away; then you will fly to your nest.

The Little Kid.

OO (long and short.)

By Sound.		*By Sight.*
fo͝ot	bar$_{\text{s}}$	road
go͝od	head	nose
so͞on	sun ny	ate
lo͝ok	pat ted	over
sto͝od		looked



Cora ran on the sunny hill.

A little kid ran on the road by the hill.

"Little kid! Little kid!" said Cora, "will you play with me?"

And the little kid stood still.

"Look at me, little kid! I run on the hill. Do run with me."

The little kid looked at Cora, but he did not go on the hill.

"Little kid," said Cora, "I will get grass and buds for you. Will you play on the hill with me?"

Then the little kid ran and put his nose on one of the bars at the foot of the hill.

"Good little kid!" said Cora. "Eat the buds, and eat the grass." And Cora patted his head.

The little kid was glad to get the grass and the buds; and as he ate, his nose went over the bar.

Next, he put one foot over; then, he put two feet over; and soon—jump! and he was on the hill.

Then Cora and the little kid ran off to play.

Review.

a robin	a bit of bread
little kid	my mother
the roses	sleepy Elsie
Cora runs	a big plum
little birds	my garden
you know	on the step
Flo's doll	my flowers
this rose	funny Elsie
the crib	your mamma
a rabbit	little sister
my sister	a horse
Cora's hat	clap hands
plum tree	go to sleep
flowers	four plums
three eggs	Frank runs
the barn	hunt for eggs
I write	Cora is sorry
the ducks	moss basket
sunny hill	a robin's nest

See "Interest the Children,"—Preface.

Hal and Jip.

By Sound.	*By Sight.*
tell	some

Jip, I have some bread for you. Will you have it?

O, you will have it? Jip, you can not have it till you beg for it.

You see the bread—do you? You must stand up, and I will put the bread on your nose.

Not so fast, Jip! Stand up! Stand up, I tell you!

You must keep still till the bread is on your nose.

Don't eat it till I tell you to.

That is the way. Keep still! Keep still! Now eat it, Jip.

The Little Gardens.

a (long.)

By Sound.				*By Sight.*
make	take	seeds	gave	nice
place	rake	grow	plant	ask

See my rake, Cora. Papa gave it to me.

O, that is a nice little rake! You can help your papa to rake his garden with it.

Yes, and papa gave me a little garden, too. Let us go and see it.

So we will, Jenny. I will help you to make it. You have no seeds—have you?

O yes, I have! If you will take the rake, I will get the seeds See! they are in this basket.

What a nice garden you will have! I shall ask my papa to

Explain that *e* final is silent, in most words, and generally makes the preceding vowel long. Hereafter *e* final will not be indicated as silent.

give me a place for a little garden.

Cora, you shall have part of my garden. I will give you some of the seeds, too.

O Jenny! you are very good.

No—don't say that. Let us go and plant the seeds now.

I will not tell mamma till the seeds grow into flowers.

Then you can take her a basket of flowers.

Slate Lesson.

pat mat can
pate mate cane
fat mad rat
fate made rate

The class should read these words *down* the columns, as pat, pate, &c.; then copy, adding diacritical marks. See "Slate Lessons," Preface.

Fun with Dolls.

th (non-vocal.)

By Sound.			*By Sight*
thin	red	three	think
thick	trim	shab by	thank

Let us get the dolls, Cora.

So we will, Jenny. You shall have the wax doll. I will play with the two rag dolls.

No, no! you must have the wax doll.

Review the words *this, that, them, then.* Pronounce these words slowly, and teach the pupils to observe the difference between ***th*** vocal and ***th*** non-vocal. Of course, the children are not to learn the terms *non-vocal*, etc.

See the dolls' hats! I must trim them up.

They are very shabby, I think.

I will trim two hats for the rag dolls, and a hat for the wax doll.

O, thank you! Let the wax doll have red on her hat, as she has a red sack.

So I will; but shall I let her have on her thick, red sack, this hot day?

She has no thin sack.

Then she must have on her thick sack.

We will make the three dolls look as nice as they can; and then we will let mamma see them.

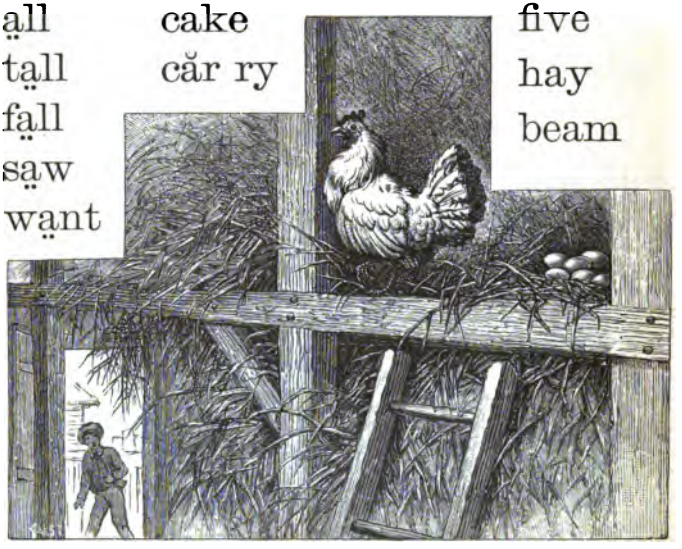
Do you think she will care to see them?

O yes! mamma likes me; mamma likes my dolls. She likes you, too. She says she does.

The Hen's Nest.

a as in all, and **aw** as in saw.

By Sound.		*By Sight.*
all	cake	five
tall	căr ry	hay
fall		beam
saw		
want		



Hen, tell me where your nest is.

No? you will not tell me? Hen, I say you must!

Mamma said to me, "Tommy, I want five or six eggs. Get them for me as soon as you can."

Let me think! Where did I see you go, hen?

O, I know. I saw you go into the barn. I saw you fly up on the beam. Then I saw you on the hay.

Am I so tall that I can peep at your nest, if I get on the beam? I think that I am.

Yes, I see the nest. One, two, three, four, five, six eggs in it. Six nice eggs for mamma.

Can I carry all the eggs? Yes, I can carry them in my hat.

I must not fall. If I fall, mamma will have no eggs.

If she has no eggs, she cannot make a cake.

I am off the beam. I did not fall. Mamma will have the six eggs.

I shall have a bit of the cake she will make.

And you, hen, you shall have a cup of corn.

Snow-Flakes.

By Sound.

snow-flakes
shape sled
stars
call

By Sight.

door snowing
white lovely
school

"It snows, mamma! it snows!" said little Flo. And she ran to the door, and held up her hand, to get the snow-flakes as they fell.

"O, how lovely they are! See, mamma. They are like little stars."

"So they are," said mamma. "Not a snow-flake falls that has not the shape of a little star."

"O mamma! then I can call the snow-flakes little snow-stars. See how many there are!"

"Yes," said mamma.

Just then, Jenny ran in.

"Jenny," said Flo, "did you know that snow-flakes are like little stars?"

"No, I did not," said Jenny.

"They are, mamma said so. I will get one and let you see it." And away ran Flo to get a snow-flake.

"She will be sick," said mamma. "Tell her to run in."

"Flo, dear! run back, run back. If it keeps on snowing, I will take you to school on my sled."

"I shall like that," said Flo, "but do see this lovely little snow-star! O dear! it is gone."

Cora's First Letter.

Brook Hill, Mass.,
Nov. 15, 1881.

Dear Frank:

I am very sorry you had to go away. I play with Jenny now that you are gone. Little Elsie misses you. She says, "Frank-gone-gone!"

How do you like Florida? Write and tell me what you see, and what you do.

Cora.

See in Preface "Letters," page 4.

Fun in the Barn.

Review of Words.

I can jump off this beam, Jenny. Can you jump so far?

I can jump as far as you can, Cora.

I don't know that. See me go!

O, what fun that must be! Let me try.

Yes. Let me have your hand till you are up on the beam. Jump when I say—three!

Yes, I will. Don't hit me, Cora, will you?

O no! I will not hit you. One—two—three!—and away you go!

See, Cora, I did jump as far as you did. Let me try again.

Well, you jump, then I will jump.

The Doll's Nap.

By Sound.		*By Sight.*	
warm	pill	please	tired
wake	in deed'*	blanket	cold
sheet			

Hush! I must get my doll to sleep.

Is she not well?

Yes, she is well now, but she will not keep well if she does not take a nap.

Shall I get the bed, and make it up?

Yes, please. It is so cold, we

* Explain the use of the accent mark. See Preface, page 4.

will not let the sheet be next the little feet.

No, indeed! We will have a blanket and warm it.

Why does she cry so? She must be sick.

She hit her head, just now.

Did she? That is too bad. Let us give her a pill.

I think we must. Mamma will give you a little pill. There, there! go to sleep!

Here is the pill, and here is a wet rag for her head. I know she will go to sleep now.

Hush! hush! Go to sleep! go to sleep! go to sleep!

See! she is asleep. She must have been very tired.

She was tired; and then, too, the pill did her good. Put the warm blanket on her feet, please.

I will. We must not wake her, for she will cry again.

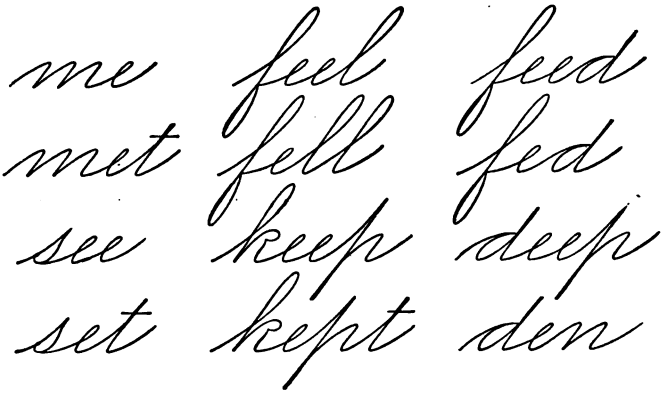
O, she must not cry again, it will be so bad for her head.

Shall I take her and put her into bed?

Hu-sh!—I will put her in.

Put her in, then, quick! and you and I will have a run till she wakes.

Slate Lesson.



Let the class copy and mark the above list. See "Slate Lessons," Preface. Children should learn from this lesson that double *e* is always long.

The Two Friends.

er **ir**

By Sound.

sir
stir
her
heard
so ber
cor ner
un der

fel low
teeth
smell
here
so fä

friends
rōōm

By Sight.

bow-wow

"Jip," said Hal, "see this top. Take it, Jip, smell it. Jip, you must go into that next room, till the top is hid. Don't you stir till I call you. Go, sir! Go!"

Jip went into the next room, and he looked very sober as Hal left him.

Mamma had left her basket in a corner of the room. Hal hid the top in the basket.

Then he called, "Jip! here, Jip!"

Jip was glad when he heard Hal call him. He jumped up, ran in to Hal, and looked up at him, as if he said, "Well, what can I do for you?"

And Hal said, "Jip, you must find the top. Run, Jip, get it."

Jip hunted and hunted for the top. He jumped up on the sofa. He crept under the sofa.

Then he ran to Hal and put his nose in Hal's hand, but the top was not there. At last, he ran to the basket.

"Bow-wow, I smell it!" said Jip. And he put his nose into the basket, took the top with his teeth, and ran with it to Hal.

"Bow-wow! bow-wow!" said Jip. "Try me again! I can find the top for you—you know I can!"

So Hal hid the top for Jip, again and again.

"Jip," said Hal, "you and I have fun, don't we? When I can not have Tommy to play with, I will have you, you good dog —you nice fellow!"

"Bow-wow!" said Jip. "I am glad you like me for a friend."

Tommy's Sled.

By Sound.	*By Sight.*
Jack mend	uncle boy break
bro ken name	were coast

"Is that your sled, Tommy?"

"Yes, this is my sled. See, Hal! its name is 'Star.'"

"Where did you get it?"

"Uncle Jack gave it to me."

"I am glad you have a nice sled. I will get my sled, and we will go on the hill and coast."

"I can coast till five; then I must go and help mamma." And Hal and Tommy went up the hill.

There were four or five big boys on the top of the hill. I am sorry to say they were not glad to see Hal and Tommy.

"This is no place for you!" said one. "Little boys must go away from here."

"I don't know that!" said Hal.

"I live on this hill. Try your sled, Tommy." And Tommy jumped on his sled.

"I am off, too!" said Hal. And away they went.

But as they came to the foot of the hill, a big boy ran into Tommy's sled.

Off went Tommy, and the nice sled was broken into bits.

"It is too bad to run into a little fellow like that!" said a big boy. "See him cry!"

"I did not try to break his sled," said the boy who had run into Tommy. "I did it to scare him—that is all."

"That will not mend his sled," said Hal. "Let us go, Tommy."

And Hal and Tommy left the hill.

Frank's First Letter.

Jackson, Fla., Dec. 7, 1881.

Dear Cora:

I was very glad to hear from you. It is warm here in Florida. Mamma says we shall not see snow all winter. I don't like that.

Mamma just had a letter telling about Tommy's sled. Tell Tommy he can have my sled to keep. He will find it in the barn.

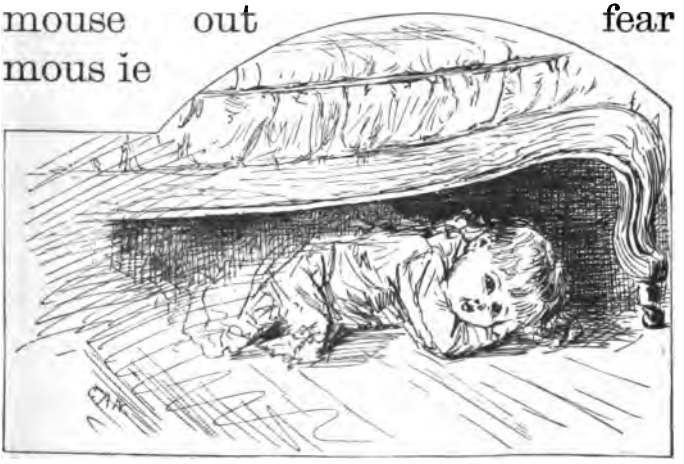
Write soon.

Frank.

Mice at Play.

ou

By Sound.		*By Sight.*	
round	found	hair	mice
house	soft	bright	hide
mouse	out		fear
mous ie			



One day, little Flo said, "Mamma, will you play with me?"

"Yes," said mamma, "I will play with you."

"Well, then," said Flo, "you shall be a big mousie, and I will be a little mousie; and the little mousie will run and hide."

So Flo ran and hid under the sofa. She said that the sofa was a big barn.

"Where is my little mousie gone?" said the big mouse.

"Eep—eep!" the little mouse said.

"I do not see my dear little mousie. He ran off. Is he in the house? Where can he be?"

"Eep—eep—eep!" said the little mouse.

"My mousie has soft hair and bright eyes. He is kind and good. I must find my little mousie."

"Eep—eep—eep—eep!" said the little mouse.

"I hear my little mousie. He must be in this big barn. Run out, run out, my mousie dear! Run out, run out, and do not fear!"

Then the little mouse crept out, and ran around the room. And the big mouse ran to him, and said, "I have found my little mousie—my good, kind little mousie!"

Then mamma had to be the little mousie and hide, and Flo was the big mousie.

The Jump-Rope.

O (long.)

By Sound.		*By Sight.*	
rope	more	once	tie
hope	close	swing	time
home	first		

Can you jump rope, Cora?

Not very well—can you, Jenny?

Yes, and I like it; but mamma said I must not jump too many times.

So my mamma said.

Go home with me and help me to find my rope—will you?

Yes, I will. And we will try to jump six times.

O, I can jump more than six times. I can jump rope and hop on one foot.

I wish we had two ropes!

One rope will do. You can jump, and I will take the rope.

Two of us will not do for that; —we need Flo to help us.

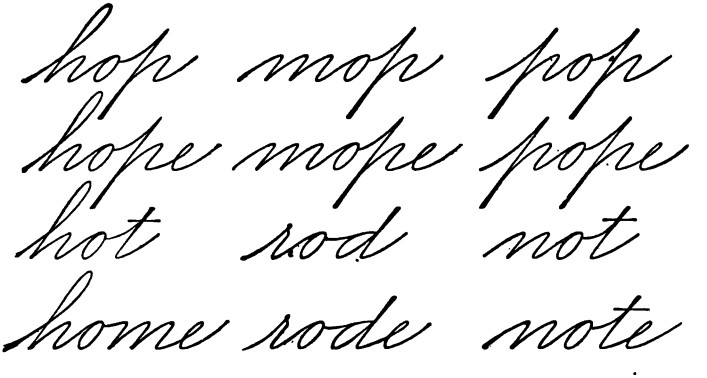
No, I will tie one end of the rope to a tree. Then I will take one end, and swing it for you to jump.

I hope we can find the rope.

O, we can find it at once. I put it in the barn, on the beam—close to the hay.

Let us run and see who will get to the barn first.

Slate Lesson.



Let the children copy and mark the above list. See "Slate Lessons," Preface.

Toys to Sell.

(HAL AND HIS MOTHER.)

oy oi

By Sound.			*By Sight.*
toy	noiṣe	mä'am	price
boy	ḅalls	wag on	tea-pot
join	lash	cost	large
boil	show	else	

Toys to sell! toys to sell!

What toys have you to sell?

Nice toys to sell—tops, dolls, wagons, tin cats, tin dogs, whips, balls, rabbits!

Stop, man, stop! what a noise you make! I have a little boy who wants a toy.

I will show you what I have to sell, ma'am. See this nice top. Has your boy a large top?

Yes. I shall not take a top.

Will you buy a whip?—boys like whips.

It seems to me this is not a very good one. The lash is off.

Yes, it is off; but the lash is here. You can join it on.

What will it cost me?

The price is ten cents; but as you will have to join on the lash, you may have it for five cents.

I will take the whip. What else have you?

I have a nice rabbit, ma'am—a very nice rabbit—one of the best rabbits you ever saw.

My little boy will like a rabbit. Ah! this one has but one ear. Have you a rabbit that has two ears?

Well, you see, ma'am, this kind of rabbit has but one ear.

It must be a broken kind, then. I like the kind that has two ears. I will not take the rabbit. What is the price of this tea-pot?

That tea-pot, ma'am, is fifteen cents—very nice one! You can boil tea in it.

Boil tea? I do not like my tea boiled. But I will take the tea-pot. That is all I need to-day.

No dolls, wagons, tin cats, tin dogs?

No, I thank you.

Good day, ma'am.

Good day.

Toys to sell! nice toys to sell!

Pop-Corn.

OW

By Sound.			*By Sight.*
how	brown	store	fire
now	hōld	nev er	burn
down	pan	pop per	long
town	shake	for got′	

Tommy was at Hal's house. They had played ball. They had played tops. They did not know what to do next. So they went to mamma.

"What shall we do now?" said Hal.

"Why not pop some corn?" said mamma.

"That will be fun," said Hal, "but how shall we do it?"

"I will tell you. Here is a nice corn-popper."

"Why, I never saw that! Where did you get it?"

"At a store, in town. You will like it, I think. Try it."

"Put a little corn in it. Shut down the lid. Hold it over the fire and shake it, so that the corn shall not get brown."

Tommy took the corn-popper. "How they pop—pop—pop!" said Tommy. "They look like little snow-balls."

"Do not hold it over the fire too long," said mamma. "You will burn it, if you do."

"One or two did get brown," said Hal, as mamma lifted up the lid, and let out the snowy corn.

"Shall I hold it now?" said Hal, as mamma put more corn into the popper.

Hal forgot to shut down the lid; and—pop! went a corn and

hit the nose of Jip, who sat close to the fire to see the fun.

"Shut down the lid, quick!" said Tommy, "or the corn will all hop out."

"How silly I was to forget!" said Hal as he shut down the lid. "I think it is very good fun to pop corn. Let us keep on till we can fill a pan with it."

"Yes, do!" said Tommy. "I like to help."

"Pop corn as long as you like," said mamma. "Then you may go down and carry a bag of corn to Cora, and one to Jenny."

"I shall carry two bags to Jenny's house," said Hal, "so that Flo can have one."

"And when you and Tommy get back, you shall sit by the fire, and have some corn in milk."

"If you do not care," said Tommy, "I will not eat all the corn you give me. Then I can take a little home to mamma."

"What a boy you are, to say that! You shall eat all you want, and take all you want. Shall he not, mamma?"

"Yes indeed! Tommy shall have a nice basket of corn to take to his mamma. She will be glad to see that he did not forget her."

Frank's Second Letter.

Jackson, Fla., Feb. 10, 1882.

Dear Cora:

Did you get my last letter? I have not heard from you for a long time.

I play with a boy named Fred. His papa has a big garden. I never saw so many roses as there are in this garden. and there are trees full of lemons, figs, oranges and bananas.

Fred's papa lets me eat all the fruit I want.

Frank.

The Doves.

O (like short *u*.)

By Sound.

lȯve dȯve-house
sȯme thir ty
cȯme
talk
these
snow y
mȯnth
mȯth er

By Sight.

fantail
would
alike

Tommy had a dove-house. He had more than thirty doves, and no two were just alike.

Tommy took very good care of his doves, so they did not try to fly away.

He had two lovely fan-tail doves, white as snow.

One day, Flo and her mamma went to see Tommy's doves.

"O mamma!" said Flo, "do see these snowy-white doves! It does not scare them to come close to me. They seem to say—'I love you! I love you!'"

"Tommy," said Flo's mamma, "will you sell me these two fan-tail doves?"

"No, ma'am; I can not sell them now, as they have to take care of two little ones. I will sell you the little fan-tails, by and by, if you wish."

"O mamma!" said Flo, "do

655

a sunny hill
the little kid
bread for Jip
the three dolls
I carry eggs
big snow-balls
shut the door
mice at play
Is Flo a mouse?
Tommy's sled
fantail doves
the next room
mend my doll
the whip lash
in the corner
a good friend
I am sleepy
a broken sled
Cora is kind
the jump-rope
Can you jump?

The Kite.

i (long.)

By Sound.			*By Sight.*
fin	while	wound	string
fine*	twine	bobs	pulls
kite	high	send	asked
like	wind	breeze	air

"Tommy," said Hal, "don't you want to go up on the hill, and help me to send up my kite?"

"Yes, I do! Have you a long string?"

"See that!" said Hal, as he held up a large ball of twine.

"O Hal! what a nice long string."

"Do you think the kite will go up well?" asked Tommy, when Hal and he were on the hill.

"It is the best kite I ever saw. Hold it while I fix the string."

Explain that *e* at the end of many words is not sounded, but changes ĭ into ī, ă into ā, etc.

"It is a fine kite," said Tommy, as he looked it over. "I wish I had one like it!"

"Stand off!" said Hal. "Hold the kite up as high as you can. One, two—let it fly!" And away went the kite up into the air.

Then Hal let Tommy hold the string. "It looks like a big fish up in the sky," said Tommy. "The bobs are the fins."

"No! the bobs are a long tail to the fish."

Just then, the breeze hit the kite. "Hold on, Tommy! hold on!"

"It—pulls,—I—tell—you! Help me to hold it."

"Yes, yes! Let me have the string, quick! I must wind it up, or the kite will get away."

"How the kite dances about!" said Tommy, as Hal wound up the string.

"Yes! if the string breaks, I shall never see my kite again."

"O, Hal! now do be quick! Don't let the nice kite get away."

"Not if I can help it," said Hal. And soon he had the kite in his hand.

The Two Kites.

By Sound.	*By Sight.*
luck y	helped
want ed	been

"Can't we send up the kite again, to-day, Hal?"

"No, not if the breeze is like this. It is lucky that the kite is not up in the air now. See how the breeze shakes the trees!"

"I think I cannot help you to send up your kite again, this week."

"I tell you what we will do;—we will go home, and put away the kite. Then we will try to make a kite for you. I helped to make this one."

"I can make the bobs. But what shall we do for a string?"

"Papa has a big ball of string.

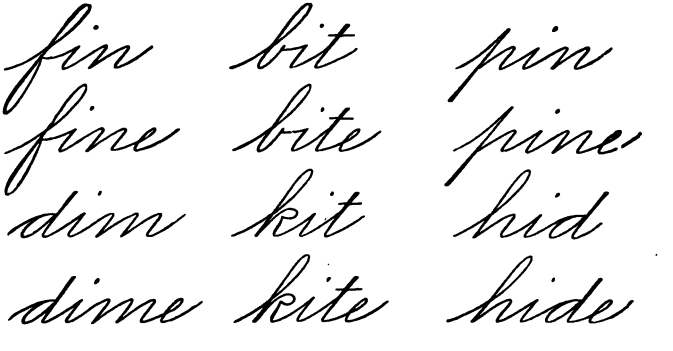
I shall ask him to let us have part of it. I know he will."

So Hal and Tommy went home and made a nice kite. Papa gave them all the string they wanted.

The next day, two kites were seen in the air. One was sent up by Hal, and one by Tommy.

And I think Hal had more fun with his kite than if he had not been so kind to Tommy.

Slate Lesson.



Let the children copy and mark the above list. See Slate Lessons, Preface.

Hide-and-Seek.

By Sound.			*By Sight.*
life	bos sy	seek	fair
tōld	fus sy	loft	catch

"Let us play Hide-and-Seek, Jenny."

"So we will. Where shall we play, Cora?"

"Let us play in the big barn."

"Well, you hide, and I will find you."

"You must not look till I am hid."

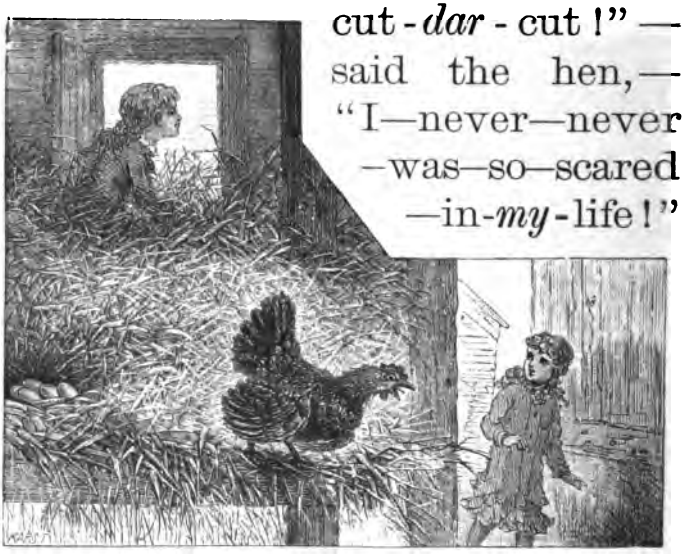
"No, I will shut my eyes, and not look till you cry—'Seek!'"

"And if you find me, I will run and not let you catch me, if I can help it."

"But I shall catch you; and then you must let me hide."

"Yes, I will. Don't look!" and Jenny shut her eyes as Cora ran off to hide.

Soon, Jenny heard a hen fly from her nest. "Cut—cut—cut—cut-*dar*-cut!"—said the hen,—"I—never—never—was—so—scared—in-*my*-life!"



"I know where Cora is," said Jenny. "The hen has a nest in the hay-loft. Cora did not know it till she scared off the hen."

"Seek!" said Cora. Jenny ran up to the hay, and there she saw Cora.

"The fussy hen!" said Cora. "She told you where I was!"

"Yes, she did," said Jenny. "Hide again. It was not fair for me to find you so soon."

"No," said Cora. "I hid. Now you must hide. I will have a good time with the dear bossy till you cry—'Seek!'"

Little Flo.

By Sound.		*By Sight.*
wo͝ol	her self′	stay
green	but ter cup	sang

"Mamma, the snow has gone. May I go into the garden, and see what I can find?"

"Yes, indeed!" said mamma. "But you must not care if you find no flowers."

So Flo ran into the garden.

"I wish I had a rose for mamma," said Flo, as she ran over the garden. But she found no rose.

"I shall try, then, to find a buttercup. Mamma likes buttercups."

And she hunted and hunted, but there were no buttercups.

Then she picked just one little bit of green grass, and said—"Mamma shall have this!"

Just then, two birds came to the tree over Flo's head, and sang.

"You dear birdies! I am glad you have come back. You were away a long time."

And Flo said to herself, "I will put little strings and bits of wool on the trees, and the birdies will stay and make a nest."

Then Flo ran in. "Mamma! Come out! quick!—The birds are here."

"The birds are here? I hope that it will not snow again. But what is that in your hand, Flo?"

"Mamma, the garden had no rose for you, and no buttercup; but here is this little bit of lovely green grass."

"It is lovely! And it tells me that the roses and the buttercups will soon be here."

And mamma took the little bit of grass, gave Flo a kiss, and was glad to go out and see the birds.

Cora's Second Letter.

Brook Hill, Mass.,
March 1, 1882.

Dear Frank,

I hope you will forgive me for not writing before. I go to school; and when I am at home, I have to take care of Elsie. So you see I have but little time.

What fun it must be to go into that big garden, and eat all the oranges and bananas you want!

Tell me more about Fred. Good-by.

Cora.

The Doll's Play.

ng (n̲)

By Sound.

ring	bring	a mòng
rang	run ning	cur tain
ba by	soft ly	sit ting
dan çing	ban̲k	*By Sight.*
ting a ling	be hind′	clapped

"Mamma," said Jenny, "Cora and I have made up a little play for the dolls. Will you go into the next room and see it?"

"Yes," said mamma, "I shall be glad to see it. Shall I let Flo go with me?"

"O yes! bring Flo. She will like it, I know."

And mamma and Flo went into the next room to see the play.

Jenny had a long box with a green curtain before it. Cora and Jenny hid behind the box.

"Cora," said Jenny, softly, "when I ring the bell, you must be quick and pull the string, so that the curtain will go up."

"Yes," said Cora, "I have my hand on the string. I will not forget."

When the bell rang—"ting-a-ling!"—up went the curtain.

In the big box were little trees, very little trees.

On one of the trees was a swing. A doll was sitting in it.

Soon, the doll began to swing. She went up and down—up and down—among the trees.

Flo clapped her hands. "The doll swings, mamma! What makes the doll swing?"

"I think I know, Flo, but I must not tell."

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!" said the bell; and the curtain fell.

Next time it went up, mamma and Flo saw four dolls. One doll sat on a mossy bank. She held a baby doll in her arms. One doll was up in a tree.

A wax doll with long, fair hair came running in from behind the trees. She began to dance.

"A doll dancing!" said Flo. "Do tell me what makes her dance."

"You must ask Cora and Jenny," said mamma. "They can tell."

Then the bell rang. The curtain fell. The play was over.

On the Lake.

oa

By Sound.

oars	road	met	stern
boat	load	hook	stake
coats	lake	steer	un tie′

Jenny and Flo were at play in the garden. Papa came by, and said, "Who would like to go out in the boat?"

"I" and "I," said Jenny and Flo.

"Get your coats, then," said papa. "You will need them."

Explain that *oa* sounds like long *o*.

The road to the lake was in the woods. They met Hal and Tommy on the road.

"Papa," said Jenny, softly, "may they go, too?"

"Yes. Then we shall have just a load. Boys, would you like to go out on the lake?"

"Yes, sir!" said the boys.

"Run on, then."

Jenny, Hal, and Tommy went on ahead. But little Flo took her papa's hand.

They soon came to the boat

One end of it was fixed to a stake in the lake; and one end was fixed to a tree.

"Hal, jump into the boat, if you please, and untie it from the stake," said papa.

"Jenny, get me the oars."

"Tommy, hand me the boat-hook. And Flo, let me put you into the boat. You must sit still."

"Yes, papa, I will be as still as a mouse."

Soon, they were all in the boat.

"Jenny," said papa, "you take two oars; and Hal, you take two. I shall sit at the stern of the boat and steer."

The Echo.

By Sound.		*By Sight.*
pine	shore	pushed
shout ed	jol ly	lightly
rock y		echo

"Where shall we go?" said papa, as they pushed off from the shore.

"Let us go where we can hear the echo," said Jenny.

"Very well," said papa, as he steered the boat round.

Near one end of the lake was a rocky hill. There were pine-trees on the hill.

*"Echo lives up there among the pines," said Hal, as they came near.

"Echo!" shouted papa.

* Let one of the children go to a corner of the room and read the echoes.

"Echo!" came back from the hill.

"Are you up there still?"

"Up there still?"

Then Tommy shouted,—"We are glad to hear you!"

"Glad to hear you!"

Next Hal said,—"You seem to be jolly to-day!"

"Jolly to-day!"

"Have you lived up there a long time?"

"A long time?"

"Yes, a *long* time!"

"Yes, a *long* time!"

"Why, papa!" said little Flo. "Some one does live up there on the hill. It scares me."

Then Jenny sang—"Lightly row,"—and "lightly row" sang Echo.

But little Flo began to seem tired. So papa steered the boat for home.

Then they all shouted,—"We must go now!"

"We must go now!" said Echo.

"Good-by!"

"Good-by!"

"We shall come again, some day!"

"Come again, some day!"

The Little Fishes.

By Sound.

hälf ap ple crust for ty
tame per haps′ wa̤ ter pock et

O, I see the little fishes! Look, Hal! look!

Let me see! I think I can get one. Give me a pin, Jenny, to fix on this string.

A pin, Hal, a pin?

Yes. I will put a bit of apple on the pin, and then the fish will eat apple and all.

No, Hal! don't do that! See how tame the little fishes are. If I put my hand in the water, it does not scare them away. Put your hand in.

They don't go away,—do they? One bit my hand then.

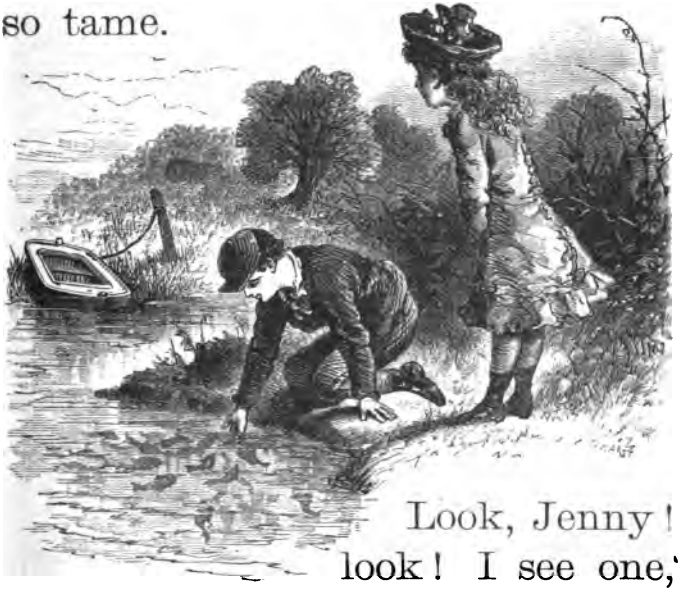
Perhaps he took it for bread.

I wish we had a bit of bread for them!

I think I have a crust in my pocket. Yes—I have. Take it, Hal.

Do you think the fishes will eat it from my hand?

They will, I know!—they are so tame.



Look, Jenny! look! I see one, two, three—I see forty little fishes. They all try to eat from my hand.

O, I am so glad! Let me feed them.

Yes, here is a little bit of bread that was left.

You dear little fishes! you shall live here in the lake; and we will feed you when we go by—shall we do that, Hal?

Yes. Let us go home and get more bread. Half the little fishes did not get a bit.

Kitty in the Tree.

ur

By Sound.

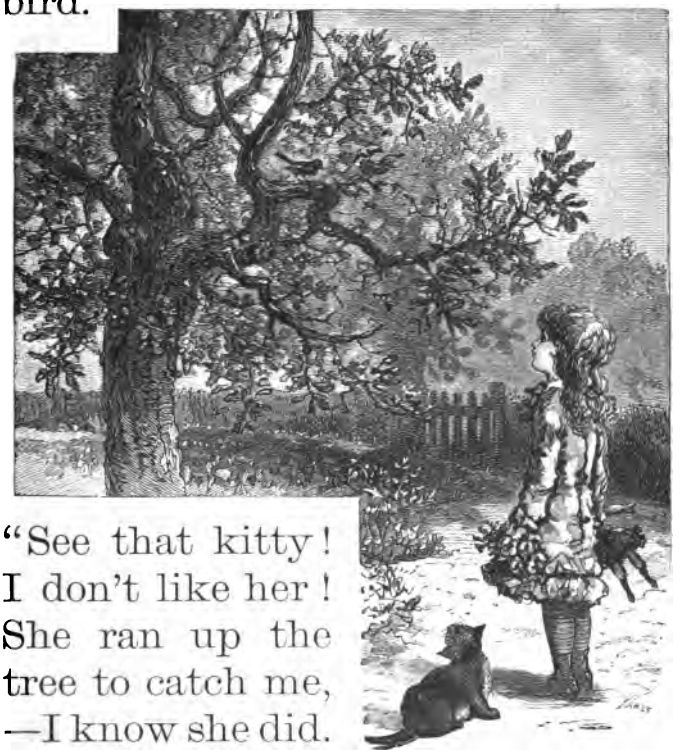
fur	twit	kit ties
hurt	drink	*By Sight.*
girl	kit ty	pretty

One day, as Cora was in the garden, she heard the cry of a little bird.

Explain that *ur* has the same sound as *er* and *ir*.

She looked for the bird and found him in the apple tree.

"Twit! twit!" said the little bird.



"See that kitty!
I don't like her!
She ran up the
tree to catch me,
—I know she did.

I can not stir from the tree. If I do, she will get at my nest. Take her away, little girl! Do take her away!"

"You bad kitty!" said Cora. "You shall not have that dear little bird!"

And Cora took the kitty in her arms. She was a very pretty kitty. Her fur was soft; and it was black and white.

"You pretty kitty!" said Cora. "Have you no home? I will give you some milk to drink, then you will not want to hurt the dear little birds."

When Cora's mamma saw the kitty, she said, "She is a nice kitty, but we must not keep her, for you know we have two kitties."

"I will tell you, mamma, what I can do! — If she does not run off, I will give her to Flo. She has no kitty."

"So you can," said mamma.

Flo and the Kitty.

ew

By Sound.

new	ōwn	voiçe
few	fond	purred
mew	guess	rubbed
grew	newş	quick ly

The next day, Cora put kitty into a basket, and went to see Flo.

"Guess what I have in the basket, Flo," said Cora.

"I don't know. Is it a new doll?"

"No."

"Is it a little fur-rabbit?"

"No."

"Rose-buds?"

"No."

Just then, kitty said, softly, "Mew!"

"O, I know! it is a kitty."

"Yes," said Cora; "it is a kitty for you."

"O, O, O!" said Flo, dancing round the room. "I am so glad, I don't know what to do! Let me see her. You nice kitty!—black and white. Let me take her."

Kitty was so glad to get out of the basket, that she purred and did not try to get away from Flo.

Then Flo went to mamma, and said, "Good news! mamma, good news!—I have a kitty!"

"Have you—a kitty? Do let me take her. What nice soft fur she has! Who gave her to you?"

"Cora gave her to me. She had a basket, and she made me guess what was in it."

"Get her some milk, and put a few bits of bread in it. She will soon know you and love you, too."

Kitty grew to be very fond of Flo. When Flo was away, Kitty went from room to room, saying—"Mew! mew! mew!—Do tell me where Flo is—my own dear Flo!"

And as soon as Kitty heard Flo's voice, she ran quickly, and rubbed her head on Flo's feet, as if she said, "I am glad to see you back, dear Flo!"

Frank's Third Letter.

Jackson, Fla.,
April 11, 1882.

Dear Cora:

I was very glad to hear from you at last. I have a pony to ride. Fred has a pony, too. There are no big hills here to ride over. We often ride in the woods where we see a funny kind of moss.

It hangs from the trees like thin, gray curtains. I send you a little bit that you may see it. Mamma is better.

Frank.

The Brook.

By Sound.

go ing brŏŏk drop ōld deep

"Have you seen the brook to-day, Jenny?"

"No, I have not;—have you?"

"Yes, it is lovely—it is so full."

"Let us go to the hill, Cora, and see it."

"So we will. Don't you like to see a brook when it is deep?"

"Yes, indeed, I do. It must be deep at the foot of the hill. Let us run by the brook till we find the deep place."

"So I say. We can pick some pretty buds, too. The old apple tree at the foot of the hill is full of red buds."

"Is it? I am glad! Apple-buds are lovely!"

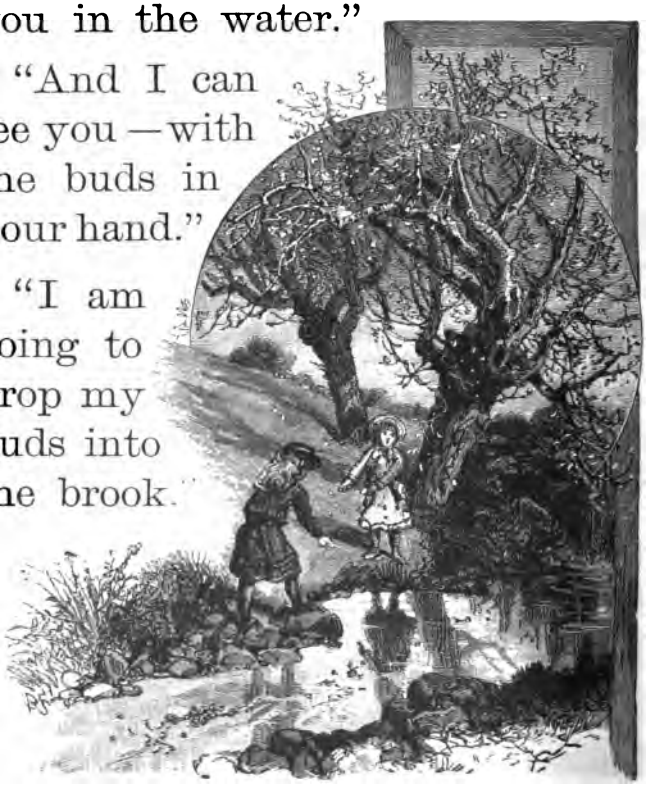
And Cora and Jenny ran down the hill, and picked some pretty red buds.

"Look!" said Jenny. "Is not the brook deep?"

"Yes, it is very deep! It is like a little pond. I can see you in the water."

"And I can see you — with the buds in your hand."

"I am going to drop my buds into the brook."



"If you do, it will run off with them."

"Keep the buds, dear brook. You helped the buds to grow."

"Yes, and it helped the buds to go. See! they are gone!"

"So they are. Good-by, buds."

Wild Flowers.

ch

By Sound.

chin	much	trīed	rest ed
cheek	bunch	plate	yel low
chase	wīld	gōld en	clo ver
catch	blue	wings	but ter fly

Flo went on the hill with Jenny.

"O Jenny! Do see the buttercups! I never saw so many. They look just like little golden stars."

Teach *ch*, as one sound.

"Yes, Flo. Shall we pick some?"

"And take a bunch to mamma? —Yes! we will."

Then Flo ran to Jenny, and said, "Hold up your chin, Jenny, and let me see if you like butter." And she held a buttercup under Jenny's chin.

"Well, Flo, do I like butter?"

"O yes! Your chin is as yellow as gold. See if I like it."

"Yes, you like butter, very much."

Just then, Flo saw a butterfly.

"You pretty, blue fly," said Flo, "I want you!" And away she ran to chase the butterfly.

It rested on a clover flower; and Flo ran to pick the flower.

But the butterfly had gone. It went on, till it rested on a wild rose.

"The blue fly looks pretty on that red rose," said Flo. "I will pick the rose and catch him."

She picked the rose, but the butterfly was not to be seen.

By this time, Flo was tired. So she ran home, her cheeks as red as the rose in her hand.

"Here, mamma!" said Flo. "Take these buttercups and this red rose. I saw a pretty blue fly, just like a flower with wings. I tried and tried to catch it for you; but it went off into the woods. I am very sorry!"

"Do not feel sorry about it," said mamma. "The butterfly will have a good time in the woods. We shall have a good time at home."

"You like the rose and the buttercups,—do you not, mamma?"

"Yes, indeed! I like them very much. How pretty this wild rose is! We will put the flowers into water, and set them where papa can see them."

"Set them close to papa's plate."

"I will. Papa likes wild flowers."

Under the Pine Trees.

ea (like ē.)

By Sound.

heat	seat	safe
mean	each	lam mĭe
read	peach	*By Sight*
leap	reach	always

One day, Jenny went to see Cora.

"I am very glad you have come, Jenny. Mamma says we may take tea out of doors."

"What fun that will be!" said Jenny. "Where shall we go?"

"We will go under the pine trees, on the hill. We shall have the mossy rocks for our seats."

"You said—take tea; you did not mean tea—did you?"

"No, we shall take bread and milk, and a little cake in a basket; and mamma will give each of us a peach."

"Is it time to go?"

"No; let us sit on the doorstep and read, till the heat has gone."

"Very well. You read to me, then I will read to you."

When the heat had gone, they took the basket, and went on the hill, under the pine trees.

A robin that had a nest on one of the trees, looked at them as they sat down on the mossy seats.

"Twit-twit-twee!" sang the robin. "Is my nest safe? They can reach it if they try."

"Dear little robin!" said Cora. "We will not hurt your nest. Here! you shall have some bits of bread to eat."

The robin was glad, for he had four baby robins in the nest.

"Hush!" said Jenny, softly. "See the robin! He has taken a crumb to his nest. I am glad Hal and Tommy are not here!"

"So am I!" said Cora. "They are good boys, but it always scares a bird to see a boy near him."

A lamb came and looked into the little pine-tree house.

"You dear lammie!" said Jenny. "Come in. You shall have part of my bread and milk."

And Jenny put out her hand to pat him; but the lamb gave a leap, and ran off over the hill.

"What fun it is, Cora, to eat out here, under the pine trees!"

"Yes. I mean to ask mamma to let us eat here the next time you come to see me."

"Some time, we will let Flo come, too; it will please her so much."

"So we will."

Cora's Third Letter.

Brook Hill, Mass.,
May 15, 1882.

Dear Frank:

I am glad your mamma is better. It is lovely here now. Jenny and I take our supper under the pine trees on sunny days.

We think it tastes better there than it does in the house. I wish I had a pony like yours! You must tell me more about him when you get home. Shall we see you soon?

Cora.

Home, Sweet Home.

u (long.)

By Sound.

use	flute	cheer	wāv ing
June	bo͝ok	mĕr ry	hummed
tune	sweet	crick et	buzzed

It was a sunny day in June.

Papa, mamma, Jenny, and Flo sat under the trees. Papa had his flute. Mamma had a book.

The birds sang. The lambs ran on the green hill. The bees hummed and buzzed.

One little cricket was so glad of the sunny day that he sang his merry tune of—"Cheer up! cheer up!"

Soon, Flo said, "What is the use, Jenny, of sitting still so long? Let us run on the hill."

Explain that *e* final is not sounded, but changes *ŭ* into *ū*.

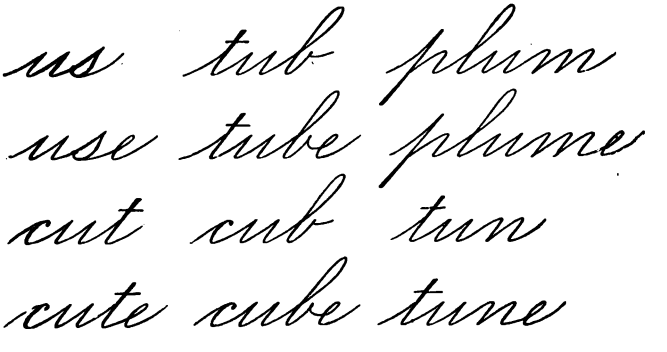
So they ran in the waving grass, and picked buttercups and clover.

Then Jenny went softly behind mamma, and put her buttercups and clover in mamma's hat.

Flo fixed her flowers on papa's coat.

Papa said, "Flo, I must give you a nice tune for that." And he played "Home, Sweet Home."

Slate Lesson.



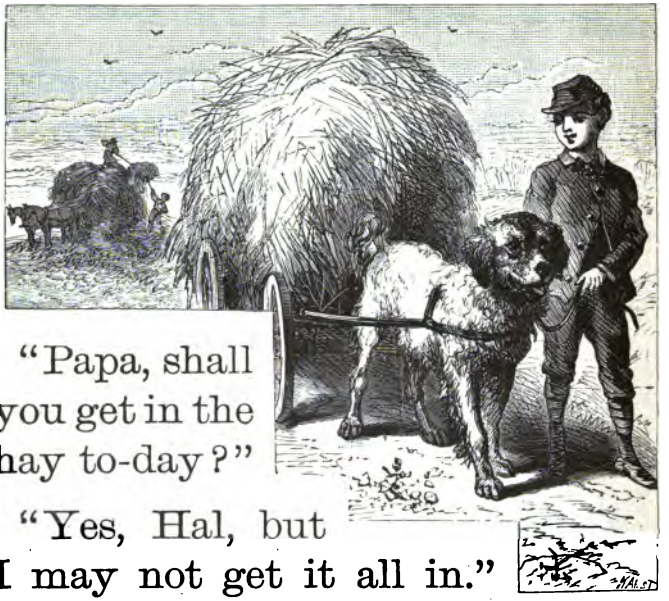
Let class copy and mark the above list. See Slate Lessons, Preface

Hal and Carlo.

ay ai

By Sound.

hay	may	tail	led	Car lo
pay	play	rain	cart	*By Sight.*
day	stay	meat	e ven	word
say	paid	filled	wagged	field



"Papa, shall you get in the hay to-day?"

"Yes, Hal, but I may not get it all in."

"Well, papa, I will tie Carlo to my wagon and help you."

Explain that ***ay*** at end, and ***ai*** in middle of words sounds like ***ā.***

"Good!" said papa, "I will pay you a cent for each load of hay you carry to the barn."

Then Hal said "Carlo, good fellow! Will you be my horse?"

Carlo was always glad of a kind word or even a kind look.

He wagged his tail and licked Hal's hand to tell him he was glad to help him.

So Hal fixed Carlo to his wagon, and led him behind the big cart into the field.

"Begin at that end of the field," said papa, "and get in all the hay that you can. It may rain."

Hal filled his wagon with hay, led Carlo to the barn, left the hay, and went back to the field.

"Hal," said papa, "if you are tired, say so. You need not stay."

"Papa, it is as good as play to get in hay with Carlo for a horse."

Hal and Carlo went to the barn with fifteen loads of hay, that day. So Hal's pay was fifteen cents.

Then Hal said, "Carlo, you must be paid, too. Here is a nice bit of meat for you."

Flo's Birthday.

By Sound.

sash	pa per	clīmbed
o pen	par ty	preṣ ent
bo͞ots	bun dle	birth day
ta ble	smīled	morn ing

It was Flo's birthday. When she came down in the morning, Jenny said, "Flo, you must not go to the table till I tell you to — will you?"

"No," said Flo. "I will stay here, and play with kitty."

Then Jenny put four presents at Flo's plate. Each present was in brown paper.

"Come in now, Flo," said Jenny.

Mamma and papa came in as Flo climbed up into her seat.

"What!" said Flo, as she looked at the bundles, "all for me?"

"Yes, dear," said Jenny, "open them, and see what they are."

In the first bundle was a box. In the box was a pretty white tea-set. It had little flowers of gold on it.

"O, how lovely!" said Flo. "This is just what I wanted. Now I can have a party, and you and Cora will come to it — will you not?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Jenny.

The next present was a doll with long hair. It had on a white dress, a blue sash, and little blue kid boots.

Flo was so pleased with this that she did not say a word. She took the doll in her arms, gave it a hug, looked at mamma, and smiled.

The next bundle was a pretty book. "I know who gave me this — papa gave it to me."

"So he did!" said papa, as he gave her a kiss.

"One present more!" said Flo. "What can it be?"

She took off a brown paper and found—more brown paper.

"Ho!" said Flo. "I don't care for a present of brown paper."

"Keep on!" said Jenny.

At last, Flo came to a little brown candy mouse.

"I know who gave me that!" said Flo. "Jenny did!" and she bit off the mousie's head.

"I did give it to you," said Jenny, "and the tea-set, too."

"This is the best birthday I ever had!" said Flo; and she ran round the table, and kissed —first mamma, then papa, and then Jenny.

Frank's Fourth Letter.

Jackson, Fla.,
June 1, 1882.

Dear Cora:

What do you think I saw last week? Five alligators, and the largest was fifteen feet long! He had a very big mouth. I saw him open it. It was full of long white teeth. I should not like to go in swimming where he was. I have a present for you which I know you will say is pretty.

and it was made out of an alligator's tooth. Mamma thinks we shall start for home next week. I have written the most letters.

Frank.

The Picnic.

By Sound.		*By Sight.*	
sing	stōneş	chick en	their
spend	read y	ham mock	light
rōş y	pic nic	shīn ing	squirrel
jel ly	fä ther	din ner	bananas

One day, there was a picnic at Brook Hill.

Jenny and Flo, Cora and Elsie, Hal and Tommy, and their fathers and mothers went into the woods to spend the day.

The brook from the hill ran into the woods and then out again.

"Hal," said Tommy, "what do you say to a run up the brook, on the big stones?"

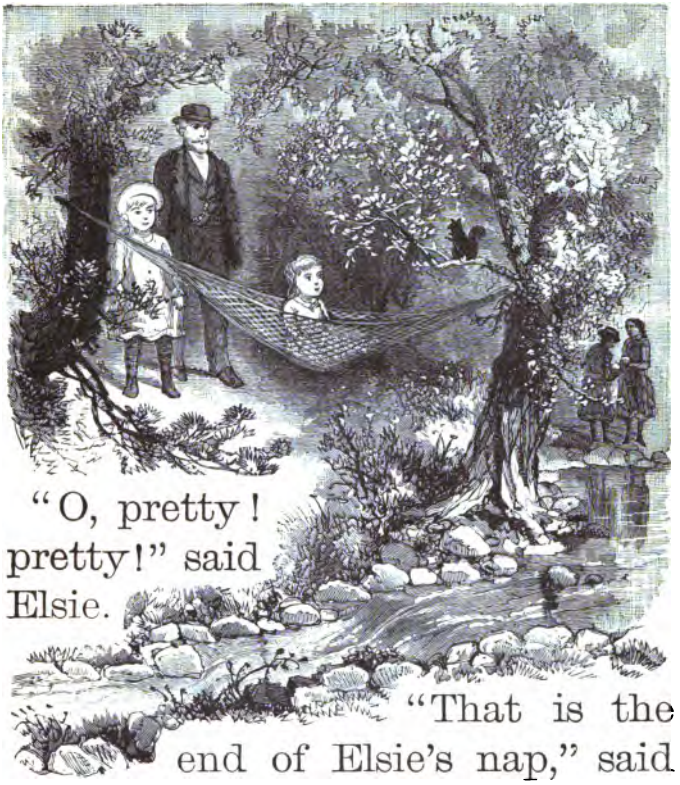
"Let us go!" said Hal, and away they ran.

"Papa," said Cora, "we must find a good place for the hammock. Mamma says Elsie must have a nap before dinner."

"Here is just the place," said papa, "under these two pine-trees."

"And near the brook, too," said Cora, as she put Elsie into the hammock. "The brook will sing her to sleep."

Just then, a gray squirrel ran down the pine-tree, and sat on a limb over Elsie's head.



"O, pretty! pretty!" said Elsie.

"That is the end of Elsie's nap," said Cora. "Do see her sit up and look at the squirrel!"

Jenny and Flo were looking at the brook.

"O Jenny, see these pretty stones. I must carry some home for my baby-house."

"So you shall, Flo dear. But they will not look so pretty when they are dry."

"O, don't say that!" said Flo.

The mothers found a nice place for dinner. It was a bed of moss, with stones round it for seats.

Hal's papa looked up the brook and shouted—"Boys, are you ready for dinner?"

"Yes, sir!" said the boys, as they came running over the stones.

What fun they had at dinner! Such bread and butter, such chicken and jelly, cake and bananas, they never ate before.

They all went home at sunset—its rosy light shining on their happy faces.

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Please return promptly.